Myth

The School of Forestry recruited a fleet of characters — sheds that offer canopies for learning — each conceived with the recognition of the singularity of space. These protagonists all began generically: simple articulations of required form and dimension. However, since their employment, the sheds gradually evolved to accommodate the spirit of the school. After a nebulous period spent in search of intelligent rearrangements of their matter, the collective metamorphosis ceased, and the school finally opened its doors. Freshmen gathered at the outdoor amphitheater and listened to the dean’s welcome speech. As optimistic messages echoed through the forest, those who had once visited rural towns felt as though they had returned to a village.

Friday

On an anonymous site in the American Northeast, on the natural *tabula rasa*, Ansel Adams arrived and disembarked from his boat, which had delivered him along the river. Exhausted by twelve hours of relentless rowing, Adams took a break, letting a flock of tenuous thoughts pass through him.

7 Minutes Later

There were a lot of trees, Adams slowly noticed, and they all conveyed slightly different complexions: some were more green than others; perhaps more foliated; or sometimes, they could only be seen as a group — as a school. The student listened to the murmurs of the trees for countless minutes, very carefully, until he realized that everyone has the same right to hear from these beautiful creations.

Adams then envisioned a *School of Forestry*, where his curiosity could take the form of comprehensive knowledge.

By the time he awoke from his daydream, the sun was already setting into the mountainous dusk. The shepherd's delight echoed with its saturated orange. It meant he was tired.

So, the explorer set up a campfire and tent — an effortless architectural mojo for the veteran architect. He then crawled into the pyramid and went to bed.

Saturday

Before the sun summited the eastern ridge, Adams collapsed the tent — the fire already dead and cold — and loaded the shell from her port. He then quickly mounted the oars and himself. The stern of the boat soon drifted away from the waterline. After it drew a narrow U, the bow cut through the stream, as if a penguin were sliding across a sheet of ice.

For some reason, each stroke felt stronger than the day before — whether because he was invigorated by his ambition or simply rowing with the current.

Sunday

From dawn to dusk, Ansel A. Brunelleschi the literati sat and listed veritable protagonists (which were also programs) for his play *the School of Forestry*, based on a true event. *From Dusk Till Dawn*, his pen did not accept a single caesura, devouring vellum and painting patterns that consisted of Italian, since the previous pilgrimage to the Roman forest had been overwhelmingly inspiring. Both Brunelleschi and his quill, as a result, exhibited symptoms of sleep deprivation.

Although there would be hundreds of ponderous hours to come, and drafts to be iterated before he could see his story enter history, Brunelleschi was delighted to witness the dawn of his inventive work. However, the perfected plan bore some errors. For instance, latitude and longitude were left blank — he had simply forgotten them. In fact, the perforations that metastasized within his memory were products of a pathological condition: insomnia that mingled the real occurrence with a realistic dream he had endured many nights before. That is to say, the recollection had become too ambiguous for his utensils to transcribe the event with historical accuracy.

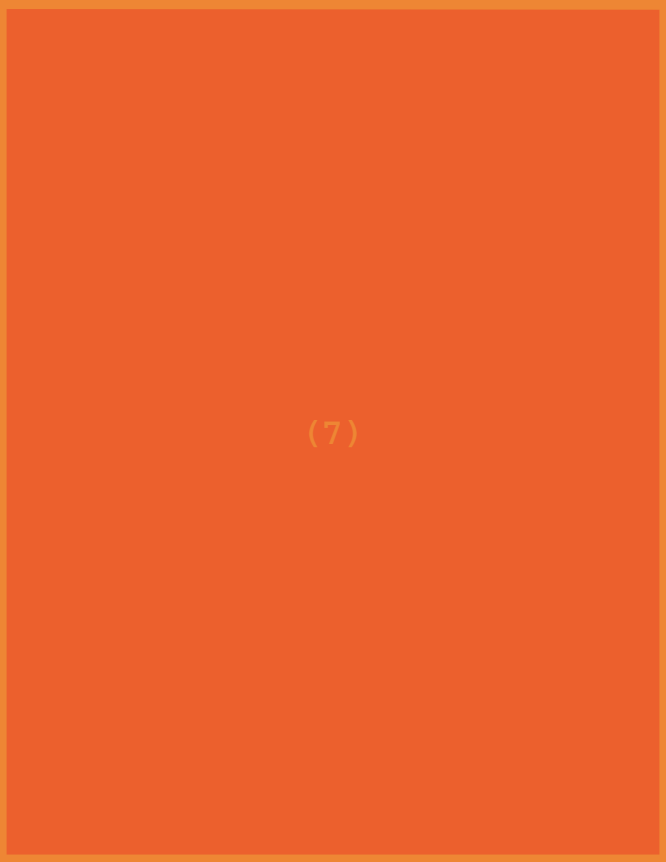
The omission of this detail, nonetheless, enacted a benevolent — if not convenient — principle through which the project was emancipated from factual conformity. In favor of his mental delirium, any missing or hallucinatory depiction could be absorbed into the drama without friction. Thus, the play resembled a marriage between the factual and the fictitious under the vow of literary freedom.

Monday

Carrying an Americano in one hand and a leather suitcase in the other, Professor Brunelleschi rushed into his class — ARCH-2102 ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN — and distributed printed copies of the assignment sheet to his obedient disciples, those who had been imprisoned by architectural dogma.

The needle was pointing somewhere between one and two. Everyone received the theatrical scenario, composed over a single night; each copy bore a small coffee stain at the bottom left corner. Fortunately, most students were inspired — not irritated — by the abstract notes of the astringent Arabica.

This was only the beginning of *the School of Forestry* — the piece staged in his architecture school and performed by his protégés.


(7)

Tuesday

On a drizzling late afternoon in October, Professor M came out of the classroom in which he thought he had wasted several hours and headed, as if he were sleepwalking, toward his office.

M had successfully avoided meeting Professor B at the lounge through which he was obligated to pass. B, who was as old as his old man, would often camp in the lounge, observing students returning home with his eyes closed. If M had encountered B, there would be no after-hours for another hour.

As M opened the door, the room was unlit, washed in light-blue-grey — the color that had traveled a great distance, dimmed and diffused by erupting clouds. He sat down near where the light was entering — where a mere piece of glass separated him from the raindrops. The glass was both an aperture and a mirror, he realized, as it merged his silhouette with the dissolving autumn vista.

His eyes slowly drifted in the opposite direction and were interrupted by the repeating presence of exposed wooden members. The texture of studs and joists appeared more solemn amidst the heavy air, saturated with moisture and the vague scent of decaying leaves. Regardless of fading time, they always kept their place, while shadows, seasons, and even he would eventually have to walk out.

After a brief moment of silence, M carried himself and his briefcase toward the car park, where his silver Volkswagen had been waiting. The excursion followed an arbitrary path, covered with fallen leaves forming fractal patterns. On a day like today, it was unnatural to find the patterns anything but evocative.

Wednesday

It was in the winter of his third year that Jean Brusselmans discovered his school — hitherto depicted as a depressing shed to his parents — had been designed by the famous architect Paul Auster. Strangely enchanted by the disclosure, Brusselmans quickly relocated himself to the library, which happened to be accessed through an insulated channel.

On the way, Brusselmans recalled his first visit to the school with his parents, during which everything had seemed optimistic. The three of them, naturally funneled through the same path, had exchanged the apprehensive excitement of a fresh start. Now the pride of September rays had declined to that of December; the low-hanging sun still filled the space at noon.

As Brusselmans arrived at the library, a book on Auster's architecture found him — not the other way around — displayed on a marble pedestal beneath a soft, gleaming spotlight. Brusselmans approached the book as if in hypnosis and advanced through its dusty pages until he found the school — bountifully photographed and beautifully rendered in words by Auster himself.

Brusselmans studied the images and poetries devoted to architecture. They, together in harmony, articulated the art of the quotidian: eating at the terrace under paper birch canopies; feeling the rhythms of vertical nature; maneuvering between spaces through different means. The school was a shed full of poetic moments.

In fact, Auster, who was originally a writer and by no means trained as an architect, could not design anything with lines; tyrannical geometry did not make sense to him. Only with native language could he define and design architecture.

Thursday

The monotonous yet punctuated voice of Professor X echoed in the lecture hall one morning. Each Thursday, he introduced ingenious technologies that had changed human relationships with trees as materials. Only through his scholarly achievement and rigorous pedagogy did the school gain its formidable reputation.

One of his venerable establishments was a plastic device that deciphered electromagnetic signals emitted by photosynthetic organisms, compiling them into legible English. By plugging in LLM (Large Language Model) and ML (Machine Learning) through the OpenAI API (Application Programming Interface), the invention could not only accumulate knowledge directly from trees but also apply wisdom to any situation with its ability to extrapolate. Eventually, the school — professors and students alike — became inoperable without the Tree-to-English converter.

Although X was well respected by the entire faculty, coming to the school was painful, since his legs were permanently bound to a wheelchair; the School of Forestry had ample ramps but no elevator.

On one February Thursday, X proposed installing an Otis elevator — an invention that had transformed the urbanscape of the previous century. The Board of Education, however, rejected the plan, as they had already made investments — based on the most efficacious wooden tectonics prescribed by the machine — in the expansion of the agora and greenhouse.

The next Thursday, X did not show up to the lecture. Instead, he infiltrated the mechanical room in which his artificial spawn was incubated. The trembling, hesitating hands of X reached the machine: how ironic he thought that the switch was turned off not by a Luddite, but by Progressor X?